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Chickens feed Capons:

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O R A
DISSERTATION

O N T H E
P E R T N E S S of our Youth in general,
Especially Those trained up at

T E A - T A B L E S ;

W I T H
The true Picture of a PETIT MAITRE,
and a Modern fine L A D Y ;
Some Hints on Abuses in Education ; not
forgetting the Insolence and Scorn with
which the generality of young Persons
treat their Elders and Betters.

A L S O
A very remarkable Tragical Case, which
may serve as a Warning to Persons in Years,
how they give the Staff out of their own Hands,
and leave themselves to the Mercy of others.

Written by a Friend of the Person injured.

The F O U R T H E D I T I O N .
With a P R E F A C E in Vindication of the Author.

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Chickens feed Copons

DISSEMINATION





P R E F A C E.

A GUILTY Conscience needs no Accuser. This was the Reason why the Publick stayed so long for some late Editions of this Book, several Persons, more busy than wise (Emissaries of that cruel Daughter whose Barbarity is justly exposed in the following Treatise) having not only intimidated the Printer so far as to stop the Press for near a Fortnight, but bullied the Author in his own House, threatening him in the most daring Terms, which he as daringly defies; (a mild Anger appeases Wrath) had they treated him like a Gentleman (as he is) he would have suppress'd the Book out of mere Complaisance, but since they are thus violent
he

P R E F A C E.

he can be as bold; it is his Pride and Pleasure he has stung that insolent Creature, unworthy the Name of Woman; and thereby done some justice to the dear shade of his injured Friend. If they are for buying up the Books as fast as printed, which they threaten, and indeed by the prodigious Sale of the three last Editions, and other concurring Circumstances, we have good Reason to suggest, the Bookseller, to whom the Author has given the Copy and Bond of Indemnification, desires no better Sport.

P. S. The Lady may think herself highly favoured, her Name is not published at full Length; but if the Author meets with farther Provocation, it certainly shall.

Chickens



Chickens feed Capons, &c.

HERE is nothing on Earth more shocking, and withal more common, in but too many Families, than to see Age and Grey Hairs derided, and ill used. The OLD MAN, or the OLD WOMAN can do nothing to please ; their Words are perverted, their Actions misrepresented, and themselves look'd upon as a Burthen to their Issue, and a Rent Charge upon those who came from their Loins.

This Treatment, as it is directly opposite to the Dignity and Decency of Human Nature, calls aloud for Redress ; the Helpless and Innocent ought to be the care of the Healthy and Able. Shall a Man or Woman toil and moil to bring up a numerous Issue ? Shall they rear up, through all the Uncertainties and Fatigues of Childhood, a Race who shall spring up but to abandon

abandon them ? Shall they enfeeble themselves to give Strength to those who shall one Day thrust them aside, and despise them ?

Yet this is the Case of many aged Persons, who have outlived the Comforts of this World ; *and* survive only to hear themselves wished out of the Way, by those very Persons upon whom they have bestowed their whole Substance, and upon whom their whole Hopes have been fixed. Uncertain Hopes indeed ! and far unfit for so degenerate an Age. *Honour thy Father and thy Mother* is a Commandment given by God, and ratified by our blessed Saviour, both in Precept and Example ; if so, what Brutes are they who shall dare to spurn those Persons whom God has thought fit to make the Means of their Entrance into human Life ?

But indeed, not only Parents, but all aged People in general, are thought to stand in the way of the present Generation : and but for some good Children, some Persons of Tendernefs and Humanity, who honour the hoary Head, and comfort the Feeble ; immediate Vengeance would be pulled down on those who let not their Sires live half their Days.

The Word OLD is a standing Jest among our youthful Gentry. When they would frighten Children, they tell them

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The Old Man's a coming! Thus they inculcate an Abhorrence of Age, even in sucking Babes; which no doubt will improve with adult Age, according to the Proverb;

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem

Testa diu.

If any whimsical or ridiculous Story is told, 'tis of an *Old Woman*. If any Person is awkward at his Business, or any thing else, he is called an *Old Woman*, forsooth! But this is no new thing, for we read in former Ages, they made Witches of their Old Women. Those were brave Days for young People, when they could swear the old Ones out of their Lives! and get a Woman hanged or burnt only for being a little too old; as has been the Case of many a poor innocent ancient Creature. The Story of the Witch, *alias*, the poor Old Woman of *Hertford*, is yet fresh in every one's Memory; and had not the very Judges on the Bench seen through the Enthusiasm and Obstinacy of the Evidence, who swore thorough thick and thin: had not the Judges themselves, I say, represented the thing in right Light to the *Higher Powers*, poor

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Jane

Jane Wenman had certainly been truss'd up ; as a Warning to all ancient Persons, who should dare to live longer than the young Ones think convenient.

It is well it has never been in the Young Ones Power, to bring in a Bill for the better trimming of Mankind, *i. e.* to knock all ancient People on the Head.

But though they are suffer'd to live, 'tis under many Hardships and Restrictions, many Humps and Grumps ; scarce a Day but they are ask'd, what they do out of their Graves. This is a very common, but withal, a most impious and unchristian Saying ; nay, not only unchristian, but even unmahometan : For the very Infidels themselves pay more Veneration to old Age, than the Christians do ; to the Shame and Scandal of our whole Profession.

Far be it from me, to tax all Christians, or all Children with so severe a Reproach. No, I only blame those who triumph in the Strength of their Youth, and snuff up their Nostrils at *Old Age* : Who laugh at the Groanings of the hoary Head, and have no Bowels of Compassion for the Bowels that gave them Nourishment.

Let such self-sufficient Persons consider, it was once in their Parents Power to have abandon'd them, when they were more helpless than any other Being to which
God

God has given Life. When they must inevitably have perished, without great Care and Tenderneſs: And indeed the Divine Wiſdom is moſt manifeſtly ſeen, in making Man, the Chief of all his earthly Creatures, to require ſo delicate a Management, and ſo tender a Nouriſhment: parental Love being increas'd by its Care, as filial Love ought to be, by a Gratitude for that Care it can never too much acknowledge or repay.

All Creatures whom God has ordain'd to quit their Sires, or indeed thoſe whom he has not endow'd with a rational Soul, to diſtinguiſh between good and bad, or to know Duty or Obligation, are eaſily brought up, and can help themſelves better the Hour they are born, than Man can in a whole Year, nay in Years. They perform all the neceſſary Functions of Life, and there is no need of Education. Far otherwiſe is it with Man; he in his Infancy requires a conſtant and careful Attendance, his Members know not their Functions, and it is a long while before he can feed himſelf, nay even then his Parents have the Care for his Food. When the Body is duly nourished, there is yet a further Care to form the Mind, and cultivate the rational Soul God has endow'd him with.

Shall such a Being, possess'd of a rational Soul, to distinguish between Good and Bad, between Gratitude and Ingratitude, so far debase himself, or indeed become so much a Brute, as to forsake his Parent, to spurn him who begot him? or at least, by using him ill, elbow him as it were out of the World, to give himself the greater Scope for Luxury?

Yet how many do we see of such? how many truly compassionate Hearts daily bleed when they see the Son curbing the Father, the Daughter snubbing the Mother? It seems as if the Order of Nature were perverted: so shocking is it to any Soul who has the least Tincture of Humanity.

I am sure I speak by Experience: for but very lately I went to see an old School-Fellow and Acquaintance of mine, who had lately married his Daughter, and settled himself in her Family; accordingly he gave me a general Invitation to come one Day or other and take a Dinner with him; he had been a Merchant from his Youth, and always liv'd in what we call high Life, had travell'd much, and was Master of the most good Manners I ever met with.

This Gentleman being very weary, and indeed almost incapable of Business, thought it best to leave off House-keeping, to marry his Daughter and settle in her Family. Accordingly

cordingly he gave her his All for her Portion, made her a Fortune of 12000 Pounds, and match'd her to an eminent Merchant who us'd the same Trade with himself.

During the Honey-Moon; and till the Portion was paid, the Old Gentleman liv'd in Clover ; nothing was too hot or too heavy for him. 'Twas *Dear Sir ! Dear Father !* at every Word ; the Servants were order'd to respect him, and he was in some Share Master of the Family ; but alas ! he found this but a short-liv'd Dream, the Servants began to taunt at him, and he must call twenty Times for a Thing, before he could have it, If he gently chid 'em, or reason'd with them, they flew to their Mistress, and made twenty Stories about it : so that his Life was in a manner a Burthen to him.

I went in my Chariot to see him ; and had not the little Appearance I made, commanded some Respect, I had danc'd Attendance, till they should find in their Hearts to call him. However, without much Ceremony, they directed me up three pair of Stairs, into a better sort of a Garret, there might be indeed some Lodging-Rooms over Head for the Servants ; but I have seen many Servants have much better Apartments : But the Room would not have so much surpriz'd me, had the Furniture

ture been any thing tollerable. I dare fwear it was as old as the House, and had no doubt passed from Tenant to Tenant half a Score Times.

This I thought an odd Residence for my Friend, but he seem'd contented ; and I saw no Reason I had to make him otherwise. He amused me 'till Dinner time, with shewing me his Books, and reading some of his Verses to me, having a pretty knack that way : he would have play'd me a Lesson on his Flute, but that he said would disturb his Daughter, who did not love Musick. I saw that all his little Arts were only to beguile the Time, lest a Whet before Dinner, which I never miss'd at his House, should be expected ; and which I believe was now out of his Power to give. At last the Bell rang, and he desired me to walk down to Dinner, but with an Air that seemed chidingly to say, Ah ! why did you not come sooner, when I had more Authority : However, with a long Apology to his Son and Daughter, he introduced me ; and by pleading our long and intimate Acquaintance, and the Obligations he was under to me, he prevailed on them at last to bid me a very ceremonious Welcome ; excusing themselves, as indeed they had need, that they had not made a proper Provision ; and pleading their Ignorance of my coming,

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accordingly down we sat to some cold Roast-Beef, a few Herrings, and a Plate of Fritters. Every thing was indeed very clean, and we had Attendance enough; but never in my Life made I a worse Dinner. Herrings are my aversion, I never eat cold Meat, judge then what a Belly-full I could make of my share of the Fritters. I happened by Mistake to call for a Glass of Wine, without which I never dine, when the Gentleman told me he had none in the House, but if I pleased he would send for some; recommending at the same time some of his Home-brew'd Ale, which I in Complaisance could not but accept in Preference to Wine. They took me at my Word, and with much ado I got down half a Glass of the worst Portion I ever took in my Life. But had the Dinner been ever so elegant, my Indignation would have spoil'd my Stomach; to hear the Daughter at every turn, take up her Father in his Discourse, as if he had been an Idiot or an Underling, with *Oh! fye Sir, and I wonder Father you should say so!* But lest the Readers, by my Recital of the Lady's Phrases should think my Friend spoke ludicrously or indecently, I beg Leave to assure them the contrary, and that he is a Man of great Wit and strict Modesty. Even the Son, who was the least Severe upon him, could not refrain contradicting him

him every now and then, merely for Contradiction sake, with, *Pray, Sir, give me Leave, and Indeed, Sir, you have forgot your self*; this was my whole Entertainment: For my Part I said little, but admired not only at this wondrous Frugality, but the surprising Impertinence and Ingratitude of the young Couple. However, I was undeceiv'd at last, as I hope my Readers will be, when I assure them, that the Reason why *Sir* and *Madam* eat so sparingly with us was, because they had devour'd in Hugger Mugger by themselves, a good handsome Fowl, with Oyster Sauce, and dispens'd with a Bottle of Wine, though they could drink none in our Company.

Seeing this penurious Management, and the Awe my poor Friend was in, I thought it best to adjourn to the Tavern, to smoak a Pipe, and withal to take a Glass to warm my Stomach, which raked prodigiously. I had before learn'd that the poor old Soul had been oblig'd to leave off Smoaking, because forsooth his spitting and spawling turn'd *Madam's* Stomach; his smoaking she said made the House stink, and damaged the Furniture. He had been from his Youth a great Smoaker, and this sudden Check, upon a Habit of so long standing, had very much impair'd his Health.

Accordingly to the Tavern we went, where a Pipe and a Bottle gave new Life to my old Acquaintance, who resum'd his native *Gaiety*; and eleven of the Clock stole upon us, before we could think of Parting, and even then it was with great Reluctance; so agreeably did the Time pass away in recounting our old Adventures. Our sweet indeed was intermix'd With four, for his poor *Heart* was so full, he could not *contain* himself from lodging his Sorrows in the Bosom of his *Old Friend*. With Tears in his *Eyes* he recounted all the *Indignities* he daily met with, not only from his own Children, but from the very *Servants*. If he spake to them as *Servants*, his *Daughter* would take him up, and tell him he *domineer'd* too much in her *House*. If he spake submissively, he was told he *had* no Occasion to make him so little; infomuch that he knew not what Method to *take*.

He told me his *Daughter* had lately a *Chamber-Maid*, who was the *Daughter of a decay'd Gentleman*, and having had a tolerable *Education*, had imbib'd high Notions of Virtue; and amongst other Things, an *Abhorrence of Undutifulness in Children*, or indeed any *Disrespect to Old Age*. This young Woman having been told in what *Fashion* my Friend had once liv'd, could not without *Indignation*, see how ill he was

now treated; being of a good Family herself, she scorned to take Part with the other Servants, to torment a poor *Old Man*; on the contrary, she would do him all the Christian Offices she could, and constantly get him something warm in a Morning, if he was out of Order at any Time, she would tend him, and do him a thousand little Services, for which he in Recompence, when her Lady was gone a Visiting, would read to her a whole Afternoon together, while she sat at Work. As so many good Offices must consequently engage her to him, especially when every Body else abandon'd him, he, with an innocent Familiarity, used to call her his *Nanny*: This was taken in great Dudgeon, the spiteful Servants improv'd it to an Intrigue, and never left till poor *Nanny* was turn'd away; and with her all the Old Man's Comfort; for he had no warm Breakfast now; if he was sick, there he might lie, no body would help him; and as for Attendance, they neglected him so much, he was scarce clean, which drew Tears from my Eyes, as knowing what an neat old Man he was used to be. But for disgracing his Children, he wish'd himself a thousand Times in the *Charter-house*, or some other Place of publick Charity: I dissuaded him from such Thoughts, and comforted him in the best Manner

Manner I could; thus we parted, ending our pleasant Evening, with heavy Hearts and wet Eyes.

About a Week after, by the Penny-Post, I receiv'd the following Letter.

Dear Friend !

THough I shall carry to my Grave the agreeable Remembrance of our last Meeting, yet, I believe I shall suffer to my dying Day for that Night's Pleasure. Your engaging Company, and my long Abstinence from Wine, made me, I think, drink a little too much; and though not to be so well perceived, yet more than my Age and Weakness cou'd well bear. My Daughter, who seldom or never comes Home before Midnight, took Care to be at Home that very Night before Nine a-Clock; and at Ten she sent all the Family to Bed, and sate up her self, out of mere Spight and pure Intention to rattle me off; which she did with a Vengeance, crying out shame of such Hours; telling me I was drunk: And when I complain'd of sickness at my Stomach, she said it was good enough for me. This you may conclude made me

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worse.

worse. I thought I should have died, and but for easing my Stomach, I had not surviv'd that Moment. This put her beyond all Patience; instead of pitying her almost dying Father, she call'd me (would you believe it!) she call'd me Old Beast; and used me in such a Manner as has riv'd my very Heart; Nor is this all, ever since I am become the Jest of the whole Family: they call me Old Fool, and drunken old Beast to my Face, every Visitor that comes in, is told what a Sot I am; so that I keep my Chamber, and dare not show my Head about the House; but I thank God, who has heard my Prayers, I hourly find my self weaker and weaker, and doubt not but my long wished for Dissolution is near at hand; for all the Torments of a lingering Death are Trifles to the Usage I meet with. Dear Friend! let me see you once more before I dye, having some Manuscripts, and a few other Trifles to give you in Remembrance of our old Friendship; which alas! is all I can give to the only Friend I have left on this side the Grave.

Your affectionate Friend.



For

For the sake of the young Lady, to whom God grant a speedy Repentance, I forbear subscribing even the initial Letters of her Father's Name ; that the World may not know how good a Man she has murdered : Her Usage being such, that before I could find Opportunity to visit him according to his Desire, I was prevented by a Ticket, which invited me to hold up his Pall, which more surprized than afflicted me, as knowing the miserable Life, he lead under his *unnatural Daughter*.

Quis talia fando temperet a Lachrymis ?

The burying was of a Piece with the rest ; and I hope the Whole will be a Warning to all aged Persons, and teach 'em to reserve at least where-withal to maintain themselves else-where, in Case of the like Usage from their Children or Relations.

I hope, at the same time, it will be a Looking-Glass to young People, especially those guilty of the like Actions. If they see any Thing ugly in this Lady's Character, let them not be so over good-natur'd to their own dear Persons, as to think what is a Crime in her, may be excusable in themselves : No, the Sin is the same, let who will commit it.

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To do as we would be done by, one would think a sufficient Restraint upon any, who would give themselves the least Time to consider, they in all Probability may be Fathers and Mothers: and that though they are young and healthy now, they may be old and feeble hereafter. Let them therefore use the Old, as they would wish to be used when they are so, and be as tender of their Parents, as they would have their Posterity tender of them.

On the contrary, we bring up our Youth as it were to despise us; and to our Shame be it spoken, make Rods for ourselves: Every one indulges his own Children, and so all act with Impunity. Our Youth are not half Educated, nor are they under any Restraint; we make Men and Women of them too soon, and put 'em upon a Footing with ourselves, before they have well learn'd good Manners, or indeed any Thing else.

For good Manners does not altogether consist in a formal Courtesy or Bow, in coming in or going out of a Room: No, a Man may behave himself most punctually Ceremonious at a Ball, a Drawing-Room, a Tea-Table, or indeed in many other fiddle faddle Parts of Life; and *notwithstanding* all this, be but a Man of Clouts, a
mere

mere *Sir Courtly-Nice*. I have very often seen some of these well-dress'd, well-bred Gentlemen, (*alias* Hoby-de-hoy's,) have Assurance enough to stare a whole Room out of Countenance; but neither Sense or Learning sufficient to give any Man of Parts a reasonable Answer.

But why? the Satchel is too soon taken from the Shoulders of our young Sparks, and the Rod from their Backs; the Tye-Wig and Sword are too soon put on, little Master is made a Man before he is a well-grown Child; our little Girls, through the Indulgence of their Mothers, are yet more forward, putting on womanly Airs, even at Ten Years of Age. In a Word, our Youth in general, are above Correction; without Shame, too ripe, too ignorant, too impudent; and according to the Poet.

Now little Miss in Hanging-Sleeves knows more

Than formerly her Grandame at Threescore:

And Master who was lately whipt at School,

At bare Thirteen sets up for Rake and Fool;

Runs the whole Race of Vice with full Career,

Is green, and ripe, and rotten in a Year

In

Instead of Puerile Diversions, our Boys of 14 or 15 Years of Age go to Plays, become Members of Clubs, keep Hounds and Horses, and sometimes follow worse Game. This is owing to the over Indulgence of Parents, who let them finger Money before they know the worth of it; so that if a Stop be not put to such Practices in this Generation, the next may severely repent it.

Instead of Babies, Play-Things, and other pretty Innocencies, used of old, our Girls at 10 or 11 Years of Age, keep their visiting Days, have their select Companies, and treat 'em with as much Solemnity and Expence, as their Parents do their own Acquaintance: This prevails not only at Court, but in the City; and I fear the Court Airs of the Mother, and the womanly Airs of the Daughter, have made Bankrupt many an honest Man, who had not Courage enough to repel the Force of this most prevailing, most pernicious Custom.

This idle Practice is not only very Expensive, but extremely inconvenient withal; there being as much a Fuss made at some Houses, against such a Miss, or such a Miss comes to visit the Daughter, as if a Dutchess was expected. The Servants are hinder'd from their other Business, and the whole House is in a Fluster to receive Miss's

Miss's Visitors forsooth. When the Visit is return'd, she must be dress'd up to the height of the Mode, and some new Thing or other, is always wanted: Not to mention Top-knots, Gloves, Coach-hire, and other unavoidable Expences.

THIS is most Criminal in those who cannot afford it: Such People would therefore do well to reduce their Children to the Old Standard, that is, make SCHOLARS of their Boys, and Housewives of their Girls: For the Education above complained of, has spoiled many a good Tradesman's Wife, and been the Ruin of many a Family.

I cannot close this Discourse, without particularly cautioning the young Ladies of this Age, how they Laugh, Fleece, and toss up their Noses at sober Matrons, and elderly Ladies. Let 'em consider, those very Persons were once young and beautiful as themselves, if not more beautiful: For to say Truth, Tea, Drams, Wine, and late Hours, have not a jot added to the Beauty of the present Generation.

LET them again consider, their own Mothers, as well as themselves, are of the same Sex: That it is a foul Bird bewrays its own Nest; that even the very Infirmities they deride in those Persons, are probably occasioned

caſion'd by bearing and bringing up many Children; and that the Wrinkles in their Faces are occaſioned by their Care to ſupport ſuch Giddy-brain'd Creatures as themſelves.

BUT ſuch is the Ignorance and Impudence of the preſent Generation, that young People look on their Elders, as upon a different Species, an inferior Claſs of People: They aſcribe no Merit to the Virtue and Experience of Old Age, but aſſume to themſelves the Preference in all Things. With them a Face and a good Shape is Merit; a ſcornful Toſs of the Head, and deſpiſing every Body but their own dear Selves, is Wit; an everlaſting Giddineſs, and an Eternal Grin, is Affability and good Nature; Fancy in Dreſs is Underſtanding; a ſupine Neglect of every Thing commendable, Gentility; and a prodigious Punctilio in the greateſt Trifles, the Height of good Breeding.

FROM this general Corruption in Education, proceeds all that may be complained of in this preſent Age, and whatever Evils may be expected in Generations to come. But above all, nothing has more contributed to this Corruption, than the Diſregard paid to Teachers, and other Perſons concerned in the Education of Youth; for the firſt and chief Step to the Ruin of Youth, is when they

they have no Awe upon 'em, and are above Correction.

Spare the Rod, and spoil the Child, is a Sentence of so much Weight and Truth, that no sharper a Reprimand can be given to those Parents, who have stimulated in their Children a Spirit of Pride, and taught them to look contemptibly on their Tutors. The very Word *Master* or *Mistress* implies something of Dominion; and as Youth are committed to their Care, so they ought to be subject to their Discipline.

It shocks me when I see a Tutor in a great Family, put upon a Footing with the Servants; this makes his Pupil think contemptibly of him, and is to great a Curb on his Spirits, to let him deliver his Instructions and Sentiments, in a manner suitable to the Dignity of an Instructor. And what is worse, the little Deference paid to him, begets in the young Gentleman a mean Opinion of, and Indifference to Learning itself, seeing his Master reap so little Advantage and Respect from it.

It is the same Case in Schools, where the Master's, or Mistress's passive and sordid Temper renders them the Slaves of the Scholars, whom they dare not correct, for fear of losing: Nothing being more common now-a-days, than for PARENTS to make their Bargain, their Children shall not be whipt, or otherwise

corrected at School. Hence proceeds all that Noise and Misrule, which now reigns in Schools, stunning both Master and Scholars to such a Degree, they can hardly hear each other speak.

Parents therefore must blame none but themselves, if by these pernicious Methods, their Children grow in time to be too many for them; nor can they with any Reason expect to find Duty and Humanity, where they have not been inculcated. If they have countenanced, or indulged their Children, in deriding the hoary Head, are they to be pitied when they reap seven-fold the Fruits of so ungenerous a Tillage? or to speak more plain, when it comes home to themselves. Let every Person therefore make the Case their own, when they see Children taunting and flouncing at their Parents, Teachers, or Relations; mocking and deriding People for Age and Infirmities, or indeed any other bodily Misfortune, or Deformity; upbraiding any for their Poverty, or crowing over any Person, where they may pretend to claim Preheminence. This domineering way being now-a-days so prevalent, that Tradesmen, Servants, and other Dependants, are generally more insulted by Children, than by Masters and Mistresses themselves.

To conclude, as we sow we shall reap; As we bring up our Children, we may expect to find them: If we educate them in the Nurture and Fear of the Lord, in an universal Benevolence to all Mankind, void of all personal, or party Prejudice; if we train them up to be dutiful to their Parents, respectful to their Teachers, mannerly to their Equals, and courteous to their Inferiours; if we incite in them an Emulation and Thirst after Knowledge, and liberal Acquirements; if we instil into them early Principles of Humanity, Compassion and Forbearance; and in a Word, all that may inspire in them the highest Notions of Honour, and carry human Nature to its most exalted Pitch; we may then expect to have Comfort in Old Age, from our Grand-Children, our Children and other Relations; then may we conclude we have laid a sure Foundation for the Happiness of succeeding Generations.

But if on the contrary, we humour and favour all their little Petulancies, and by over praising and indulging them, render our selves contemptible in their Eyes: if instead of correcting them in their Errors, we arraign the Justice of Discipline, and call it Severity; if we suffer them with Impunity to fly in the Faces of their parents and Relations, to defy their Teachers, to
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outbrave their Equals, and insult their Inferi-
 ors ; if we permit 'em to scoff at, and turn
 to Ridicule the Misfortunes and Afflictions of
 others, and in a manner suppress, or at least not
 encourage in them any Propensity to Tender-
 ness, but suffer their Hearts to be hardned, and
 to know no Pity ; we must expect to have our
 Eyes pluck'd out by those we have brought up.
 We must look for nothing in Old Age, but
 Contempt, Oppression, and all the Insults we
 have but too much Reason to fear from so inhu-
 man a Generation.

F I N I S.





POSTSCRIPT.

I Have lately seen a Pamphlet, entitled, *No Fool like the Old Fool*, intended as I suppose for an Answer to this little DISSERTATION. I have carefully read it twice over, but can find no Meaning or Connection from Beginning to End. The Title indeed is a direct Contrast to that of this Book, but all the rest has no more Relation to it, than to the Alcoran. I am sorry for the Bookseller, who is likely to be a Loser by it; but he has this Comfort left, That with a New Title he may publish it, as an Answer to any Thing else, on any other Subject, to which it will bear as much Affinity, as it does to Chickens feed Capons: And this being all the Reply it deserves, is all I shall afford it.



POSTSCRIPT

I have lately seen a Treatise
intituled, 'The Fool like the Old Fool',
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than to the Alcoran, and says for
the Book itself, and is likely to be a
Loss of time; but he has this Comfort
left, that with a New Title he may
publish it as an Answer to any thing
else, or any other Subject to which it
will bear as much Allusion, as it does
to Chubb's last Capone: And this
being all the Reply it deserves, is all I
shall afford it.

